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FANNY MOORE.

THE FEMALE HUNTER OF THE WEST.

The father of this singular heroine we are about to sketch, was a Kentucky backwoodsman. Her mother died while she was an infant, and when she arrived at the age of fifteen, her father also died, leaving her a poor friendless orphan.—It is not surprising, that at this tender age she married a Missouri hunter, (an acquaintance of her deceased father,) double her years as to age, but just her equal in poverty. Her whole fortune was composed of one cow, an old feather bed, a rusty frying pan, a broken set of tea cups and saucers, ditto of knives and forks, with horn handles, two large pewter plates, and a wooden bowl of Indian manufacture. Such was the legacy bequeathed by her surviving parent. Her husband's wealth might match well enough with such a portion brought into matrimonial partnership by his wife. A black bob-tailed pony, a large wolf dog, and a long heavy rifle, constituted the sum total of his goods and chattels. So far, the nuptial contract might seem fair, without extravagant odds on either side. There were other considerations, however, which made the bargain, one might say, fraudulently unequal. She was a pretty, rosy-cheeked, ruby-lipped, healthy lass, with sky blue eyes, golden ringlets, and a cheery laugh, slender in form, but of a wiry elasticity and a constitution of the most tenacious vitality. He, on the contrary, was a pale, lean, hungry looking hypochondriac, who might be supposed, from the wry faces he displayed when forced to any exertion of his limbs in profitable labor, to regard work, an unpardonable sin. The entreaties and example of his young wife, it is true, did for a while, stimulate him to just sufficient effort, in the way of deer hunting, to keep them from starving. The couple then lived in Western Missouri. Fanny, with her own delicate white hands, cleared out and cultivated a small field, and managed her domestic economy with so much thrift, that notwithstanding the laziness of Tom, they began to accumulate slowly.

But an event occurred, in the sixth year of their wedlock, that changed the present current of affairs, and startled her in her wild schemes. A "great revival" under the guidance of the "Cumberland Presbyterians," swept over the West.

It seems that one Sunday the Cumberlander discussed the passage of Scripture, "Take no thought of the morrow," &c. Tom swallowed the text, but rejected the comment, and misinterpreting the sentence, literally came to the deliberate conclusion, "that it was sinful to provide for the wants of the wicked body," and resolved to act accordingly.

It was in vain that the industrious wife debated the theological question with her slothful indolent spouse. Her tears, arguments and re-

monstrances all ended alike in his usual spasm of jerking; but as to any other sort of exertion he would not budge a peg.

Fanny's case was now critical in the extreme, for strange to say, she still loved her husband with a love, that in spite of every imaginable dumper, continued to burn on ardently in her affectionate heart till death. Hence she could not make up her mind to leave him. Besides, they had now five children, and it was absolutely impossible to support a family on the produce of their paltry stony farm.

In this emergency, that weak woman suddenly developed an energy and invincibility of lofty purpose which the annals of the world cannot surpass.

With indefatigable patience, she practised and learned to shoot, till no marksman in all Missouri was her match, and then, as a solitary huntress, took to the forest, and soon supplied her husband and babies with a choice abundance of meat. It is not recorded of Moore that he manifested any aversion towards the venison feasts which his better half provided with so much labor, however much he had been opposed to the use of such worldly means himself, as the expenditure of one needful thought for the morrow.

The wild region of Missouri at last settled up, Sunny fields, waving with golden grain, stood in the place of the old green woods which had furnished shelter and sustenance for the copious game. The buffalo fled farther off, deeper into the grand prairies, nearer to the Rocky Mountains. The moon beams fell broad and bright on the open bottoms where the brown bears used to nestle among the matted canes.

The red deer had been scared away by the sharp sound of Collin's axes. It became necessary that Fanny should move. She sold her slender "improvement" for a yoke of oxen, and a small sum of ready money; and loading the crazy vehicle with her six children and believing Tom, she started for Arkansas. In this new country, then a territory, she selected a locality fifty miles from any settlement. Here wild animals roamed in the greatest plenty, and her rude board table groaned beneath (to them) heaps of savory luxuries. This wonder of a wife now added rapidly to their humble property. Her careworn, wasted figure grew rounder; her step, as she saddled the black pony, more elastic; and the whistle blither by which she summoned her wolf dog to the hunting party. Even the laugh sometimes rang out as in the merry, thoughtless hours of her early youth, loud, long and clear as the sweet tones of bell metal.

One thought of a most gloomy character alone disturbed the calm flow of her joyous reflections. Her children were growing up with the rapidity of hasty summer weeds, and yet without education, or even the prospect of an opportunity to obtain it. The idea haunted her day and night. She turned it over in her mind in every possible way, but still could find no solution for the tor-

turing problem. She had learned to spell, when a child, at an *old field* school—that is to say, she had gone as far as Dilworth as three syllables, which by the way, was nearly the extent of her lame teacher's accurate information in the pedagogical art. But her memory had long ago lost in the inverse ratio of its acquisitions, till she could scarcely be said to know her letters. Often did she bitterly regret her idleness in the early school-house, and exclaim as she fondly kissed her children on returning at night from the toilsome hunt—"If I had only learned to read then, I could now teach you my dears." And her tears would drop like rain.

At length an incident occurred, that brought with it a suggestion, shaping itself into a fixed plan, which enabled her finally to vanquish the perplexing difficulty. The author cannot do better than to give the anecdote in her own artless words, as related to him, in Texas, some twelve months ago.

"I used to cry about it every night," she said, "before going to sleep, and then I would dream it all over again; for indeed it was sad to think of. I knew that by hard work we would, after a while, be well enough off to move into the settlements, where decent people live; and then I thought how shocking it would seem, for my young ones to have no more learning than the wild Indians. The boys are getting more than half as tall as their father, and Peggy's pretty head was even as high as my shoulders. It was enough to make a fond mother cry. I was in the habit of going every two or three months to Little Rock, with a pack of peltries to buy salt and other things that we could not get along without. One time I brought back some bunches of raisins for the baby. They were wrapped up in a large newspaper, which contained a number of curious pictures. The sheet was gazed at with wonder by the poor creatures, who had never seen such an object in their lives. Little Tommy asked me, with sparkling eyes if it were not a bird. I tried to explain the matter to him; told him what it was: that it contained a tale about the whole world; and that when persons learn to read it, they could know all affairs which were going on across the blue mountains, and the big rivers, and away over the sea, as well as the sights they saw every day before their own doors.

"Oh! ma, wont you teach us how to read, so we can hear from our old play places in Missouri?" said Peggy, who was then almost a woman.

"The question like to have broken my heart. I remembered how lazy I had been when a girl, and the idea was a sharp shooting pain, splitting my side into my very soul. I wept like a child, till even my own children tried to comfort me. However my tears did me good. Tears always relieve the heart; they commonly clear the head also. A sudden thought struck me—a great plan—I might say a holy purpose. It seemed impos-

sible, but I resolved to try it. That night I hurried the young folks off to bed, and having kindled a good pine knot light, picked up the newspaper and sat down to see if I could make out anything in it. I smiled with unspeakable pleasure on discovering that I still knew all the letters except the capitals. But I soon had cause to weep again, for, after doing my best, and sitting up till daylight every line remained a riddle—I could not spell out the meaning of a single sentence. About sunrise a new notion entered my head. I determined to go again shortly to Little Rock and purchase some primers and spelling books, which I afterwards did. I then began to learn in earnest. It was very hard for a while; but I sat up late, after Tom and the children were all asleep, and took my primer along with me when I went to hunt. I could study it as I rode, especially where the woods were open, and before I got within range of game; and when I was resting, after lifting a heavy deer upon my pony, or walking up a steep hill, I would pull it out of a pocket which I had prepared on purpose in the side of my dress, and run over the pages till I could almost repeat the whole from memory. I then commenced on my large spelling book, and mastered it in the same way. All the while I wanted to be teaching the children, but was afraid of teaching them wrong, intending first to make myself perfect, because I thought that it was not of any use to know any thing at all unless one could know it right.

While thus engaged, a lost hunter stopped a few days at our cabin, and discovering my studies, kindly offered to assist me. I then found that I had done well in not beginning to instruct the boys and Peggy sooner. I had to *unlearn* the pronunciation of a great many of my words that sounded frightfully when compared with the correct mode. After I got it straight, I bought a primer for each one of the children, and collecting them all together one Sunday morning, told them "that I was going to teach them how to read." It would have done your heart good to see them. They appeared to be running mad with joy, for they still remembered what I had said about the newspaper, and had teased me much on the subject. Night after night they would sit up till twelve, studying their primers and spelling books; and all day on the Sabbath they tried more industriously than ever I had done in the school room, until at last they were through both books. But I was still ahead of them—for long before then I had obtained a Testament and the life of Marion and had gone over them several times. In this way I taught my dear young ones to read, having first of all taught myself."

For the literal historical accuracy of the foregoing extraordinary facts, we refer to Mrs. Holley's book on Texas, where she refers to Mrs. Moore, although in her narrative she only sets down the initials of her name.

And may we not well be permitted to doubt whether the annals of the globe, and all the ages of time, present a parallel to this almost miraculous case? The biographies of the self-educated seem, to be sure, with noble examples among the softer as among the stronger sex. But did any one ever before, either man or woman, go through the painful process of voluntary self-culture, with the same definite, settled object?—Others have struggled with the terrible problem of unaided mental development, from the desire of gain, or hope of glory; but *she*, that poor huntress of the backwoods, from purer, loftier, more angelic motives of an infinitely tender, holy maternal love, and with the sole view of fitting herself to be the teacher of her innocent offspring, cut off as they were by insuperable circumstances from every other means of instruction. It makes one better to read of such instances of exalted devotion to conscious duty, and thus to know and feel, although the race of moral heroes appears to be nearly or quite extinct, that of domestic heroines never can wholly perish, while one mother shall be left to linger on earth with a bright-eyed babe nestling about her bosom.

From the Temperance Courier.
"WOMAN," AND HER "RIGHTS."

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

That woman often suffers wrongs who can deny? An inebriate husband can divest life of its beauty and its blessing, and break the heart he had pledged to love and protect. The poor wife and wretched mother cannot of herself throw off the burden that is crushing her, and pressing out her life blood, drop by drop.

That something should be done for her, who can doubt? Surely, men will not constrain innocence to plead for itself, or by negligence, induce woman to struggle for herself impelled by corroding agony.

Suppose, for instance, were it for woman to enact laws, would she appropriate to herself one single right that should not be granted her by our Constitution? The first one that should claim attention would be a law to suppress the traffic in all that intoxicates as the first to dry up the fountain of her misery. More than this, the degradation of our race, cursed by this fire blight would impel her to fly to the rescue—to remove the cause of this ruin and calamity.

The cry of lamentation, the wail of anguish, and the groan of despair would not be unheeded. The stream of death and sickening desolation should be stayed, and that power should no longer exist that robs man of his God-like intellect and sends him to the earth to grovel with the brute.

Petitions would not have come to her in vain. She would not shut her eyes to the light that glows in every obscure corner in our land, and turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of her suffering constituents.

Her keen forecast would not allow a venomous scorpion to go at large stinging the community and then feel that justice had been done by building asylums and hospitals, for their reception.—Neither would she suffer the streams of poison to flow, which make man a fiend, a murderer and a criminal, and feel satisfied with building the prisons and jails for his reformation and confinement.

No, none of these would satisfy her moral sense of right. It would seem like lopping off the green leaves of the tree, to kill its growth, or picking off the deadly fruit of the plant to destroy its root.

Man has the power to dry up those sources of social and domestic misery; he has only to say the word and the work is done. It was the Legislature that opened the flood gates of license upon us, and their sanction to the traffic has done great injury to the young of the present generation, as many a parent can sadly testify, and now the only thing we ask is, that a noble, manly law, an act of that body shall retrieve the injury and stagnate forever the death stream of *Intemperance*.

WOMAN.

The following is an extract from an excellent "Chapter for girls" by Mr. Holly, editor of the Wyoming County (N. Y.) Mirror:

Woman possesses a mind which is capable of moving along, even with that of man, in the noble business of studying out and comprehending the works and laws of the great Creator. Why then, should she remain behind? Why busy herself by the way side with vain trifles, when she might receive the honors and the blessings resulting from equal advancement in the everlasting course of humanity towards the infinite? But in order to do so, she must, when young, become convinced that she possesses the germ of an immortal existence, which should not be bent down to earth by trifling toys; she must begin then to exercise that spirit with its legitimate work. She must know that she too, as well as man, can reason and investigate, trace effects to their causes, and from causes determine their effects—

fects—and she must become in her own kind of employment. How vain, how unwise, how unchristian, to spend the main of an immortal spirit in a blind chase after gaudy fashions and splendid follies of life! Being was destined for a higher, a more heavenly course; do not degrade it by loading it with lies, till it bends to the very earth. Let your first and great object be to keep your thoughts pure as the breath of Heaven, and to begin and continue that course of mental and moral progression for which your Creator has fitted you. In all your meditations let your thoughts dwell upon the beautiful and pure, and in all your efforts strive to excel in knowledge and wisdom.—When you lie down and when you rise up, let your thoughts rise to your Heavenly Father in an earnest petition for goodness and wisdom; and let that petition be remembered in all the busy scenes of the day. Determine that whether you are at home or in the social circle, whatever you do, and wherever you are, you will make every thing subserve your purpose of physical, mental, and moral improvement. What if some silly flirt should rally you for your religious fidelity to yourself and humanity! never mind it. Your course will lead to happiness and Heaven; hers to misery and shame. Do this, and let your lot in life be what it will you cannot be unhappy. You may lack all this world's goods, but you have a source of wealth greater than all the mines of earth can afford. You may be cast off and scorned, but you have a conscience void of offence, and you can commune with your Father in Heaven directly through his word. You may be in solitude so far as visible companions are concerned, but you are not alone. The great Soul of the Universe, and the Spirit of God himself, are with you; and you can rejoice that your own soul is becoming more pure in their society. Let these reflections and these lofty objects guide you, and soon you will emerge from a tinselled phylthing to all the dignity of a human Soul.

A CALCULATING BRIDEGROOM.

"I've known some very mean men in my time. There was Deacon Overreach, now, he was so mean, he always carried a hen in his gig-box when he travelled, to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning. And then there was Hugo Himmelman, who made his wife dig potatoes to pay for the marriage license. I must tell you that story of Hugo, for it's not a bad one; and good stories, like potatoes, ain't as plenty as they used to be when I was a boy. Hugo is a neighbor of mine, though considerably older than I be, and a mean neighbor he is too. Well, when he was going to get married to Gretchen Kolp, he goes down to Parson Rogers, at Digby, to get a license.—'Parson,' says he 'what's the price of a license?' 'Six dollars,' says he. 'Six dollars!' says Hugo; 'that's a dreadful sight of money! Couldn't you take no less?' 'No,' says he. 'That's what they cost me to the Secretary's office at Halifax.' 'Well, how much do you ask for publishing in church, then?' 'Nothing,' says parson. 'Well,' says Hugo, 'that's so cheap I can't expect you to give no change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?' 'Three Sundays!' says Hugo. 'Well, that's a long time, too. But three Sundays only make a fortnight after all; two for the covers and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great sum for a poor man to throw away. I must wait.'

So off he went a-jogging towards home, and a looking about as mean as a new-sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went, as hard as his horse could carry him. 'Parson,' says he, 'I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars. I'll tie the knot to night with my tongue, that I can't undo with my teeth.' 'Why, what in natur is the meaning of all this?' says parson. 'Why,' says Hugo, 'I've been cyphering it out in my head, and it's cheaper than publishing bans, after all.

...it's a potato-digging time; if I wait called in church, her father will have her for nothing; and as hands are scarce and wages high, if I marry her to-night, she can be made to dig our own to-morrow, and that will pay for the license, and just seven shillings over; for there ain't a man in all Clements that can dig and carry as many bushels in a day as Grechen can. And, besides, fresh wives, like fresh servants, work like smoke at first, but they get sarcy and lazy after a while."—*Life in a Colony.*

Health of Females.

It is evident that women brought up to think and act as they do at present, can have little chance of a sound mind in a sound body. To share in any kind of household work is to demean herself; and she would be thought mad, to run, leap, or engage in any kind of active game in the open fields, with fresh, life, soul giving air around her, and the birds and lesser wings inviting her thereto. She may take violent exercise through a whole evening in heated, ill ventilated or draughty rooms—may be whirled round and round, her form enfolded by a stranger, till, but for the excitement, one would call the strength she evinces herculean; but with children, or creatures with children's gushing natures, to chase each other's shadows on the breezy common, or search the sea cliffs for flowers, till health, mantling her cheek and eye, she almost dreams herself a spirit of the scene, so etherially does the blood flow—and she has read the old Greek legends, and she has seen before now, many a Dryad in the wood and Naiad by the stream—to do this would indeed be unwomanly, imprudent, not to be thought of, or tolerated. She may not even dance upon the green sward unless the whole paraphernalia of dress, music, and set occasion be there too; and then it shall be no dancing of spirit or movement, but a conventionality from first to last. The brook murmurs a little song as it glides over the pebbles to the sea, the woods are alive with "strange, sweet noise," but she may not warble among them, giving song for song.

AWFUL SCENE.

A few days ago we saw a woman raving with the delirium tremens. She was young, handsome, and a mother. An uncontrollable passion for intoxicating drinks, soon made a hell of a once happy home, drove a kind-hearted husband and father to despair and death, and brought the wretched mother and her two boys to the degradation of public shame and beggary. Her ravings were terrible. She fancied herself a fiend of perdition, compelled by a superior of darkness to thrust her children into fierce flames, and hold them there till their bodies were burned to a crisp! Her description of what she saw in her madness, and of what she fancied she was obliged to do, were awful and indescribable. Occasionally the wretched woman would fly to the farthest corner of the room, uttering piercing screams of agony, and pressing the palms of her hands over her eyes in a vain attempt to shut out the horrid spectacle presented to her distorted vision. Then, as if impelled by an irresistible power, she would rush forward, clutching wildly at what she thought were her children, and with loud outcries plunged them again and again into the furnace of fire, mingling horrid curses and imprecations with the most touching and fervent prayers.

This hallucination haunted the miserable being long after she was rendered powerless by the restraints of the strait-jacket, and was succeeded by others, even more terrible in character, and too shocking for detail, which continued until death closed the scene.—[*Albany Express.*]

A noble heart, like the sun, shows its greatest maintenance in its lowest estate.

Kind minds are rarely quick.

Another Rum Triumph.

Hell reigns again, and the grave opens for another victim. But this time, the accursed scourge has fastened upon the child. But rum-sellers are like the savage in their mode of warfare, with this difference. The one butchers for revenge, while the other murders by inches for the paltry sum he gets for his liquor. The traffic spares neither age, sex, nor condition.

While out South to attend our engagements on the 4th, we learned the following: A poor family, by the name of Parks, have for some time lived in Venice, but now, we believe, live some distance from Parker's tavern on the Owasco Hill. Parks is an intemperate man. Probably this, coupled with poverty and trouble, has plunged the wife into the same habits. They have led a miserable life, and been steadily robbed and cursed by the rum-selling wretches that surround them. Their children have been allowed to drink whisky out of their little tin cups. On the 4th, we believe, Parks and his wife were both drunk. It is supposed that they furnished the liquor to the child—a little girl of four and a half years of age, and of unusual sprightliness. At any rate the child had the liquor, and died under its effects! The father and mother were both upon the bed, drunk and asleep at the same time!

P. S. We have since been informed that Parks got his liquor at Smith's at the Lake. Also that Parks and his wife were intoxicated at the funeral. God be praised that the child is dead! It is beyond the reach of rum and rum-sellers. We congratulate Smith on his achievement. An honorable, moral, and upright man according to law, has furnished whisky to imbrute a father and mother, and to kill a child four and a half years old! He did not suppose his whisky would do so much in a short time, probably. Nor would he know that a mad wolf would kill. Parade your license, sir, and deal out your rum! We hold you as much guilty of the murder of Parks' child, as though you sent arsenic to kill it. It is a blessed thing that death befriends those who writhe in the clutches of licensed murderers. [Cayuga Chief.]

I have seen a father mourn over his be-
sotted son, when his own hand pressed first to his child's lips the hellish draught that set his soul on fire. I have seen a poor lone mother weep as if her heart would break, over the ruined idols. Yet that mother's smile beamed first upon the coming footstep of the destroyer, and her voice warned not her child of danger. In that day, when God shall bring everything into judgment, will not the curses which rung so fearful in the offenders ears in this world, roll back with crushing weight upon those who fulfilled not their responsibilities to them while young? Who knows but every murderer might have been a minister of mercy to wretched thousands? He was not born a murderer; those sweet blue eyes had no fiendish glare, as its baby face rested upon its mother's bosom—that little hand bore no stain of blood as it clapped them in childish glee. Mother, remember that earnest eye which mirrors thine own glance so lovingly, will ever reflect the light thou givest it.

PUSH.—Keep pushing; if you run against a snow bank or rail fence, don't go back, but push forward, or to one side, and go on. It is of no use to cry and lament, it will not help the matter in the least. Tears never leaped a stream or dug through a mountain. Push ever, and keep pushing, and your fortune is half made, and your immortality secured.

GENTLEMEN.—Whoever is open, loyal, and true; whoever is of humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honorable in himself, and in his judgment of others; and requires no law but his word to make him fulfill an engagement—such a man is a gentleman, and such a man may be found among the tillers of the ground. [De Vers.]

Education.

Allow me through your columns to notice one of the greatest humbugs of the day, which has long found for itself a most valuable tool in woman, "The Education Society." The idea to me is monstrous and absurd of woman, in her present condition of degradation and ignorance, forming a society for the education of young men, an order of beings above herself—claiming to be gifted with superior powers of mind and body, having all the avenues to learning, wealth, and distinction thrown freely open to them, and if they have but the energy to avail themselves of all these advantages, easily securing an education; whilst woman, poor and friendless, robbed of all her rights, oppressed on all sides, civilly, religiously and socially, must needs go ignorant herself. The idea of such a being working day and night with her needle—stitch, stitch, stitch, to educate a great, strong, lazy man, is absurd. I think a man, who, under the present state of things, has the moral hardihood to take an education at the hands of woman, and at such an expense to her, ought, as soon as he graduates with all his honors thick upon him, be compelled to take the first ship for Turkey, and there pass his days in earnest efforts to rouse the inmates of the harems to a true sense of their present debasement, and not, as is his custom, immediately enter our pulpits to tell us of his superiority to us "weaker vessels," his prerogative to command, ours to obey—his duty to preach, ours to keep silent. Oh! for the generous promptings of the days of chivalry! Oh! for the poetry of romantic gallantry! may they shine on us once more! Then may we hope that these pious young men who profess to believe in the golden rule, will clothe and educate themselves, and encourage poor weak woman to do the same for herself—or perchance, they might conceive the happy thought of reciprocating the benefits so long enjoyed by them, and form societies for the education of young women of genius, whose talents ought to be rescued from the oblivion of ignorance. There is something painfully affecting in the self-sacrifice and generosity of women who can neither read nor write their own language with correctness, going about begging money for the education of men. The last time an appeal of this kind was made to me, I told the young lady I would send her to school a year, if she would go, but I would never again give one cent to the education society; and I do hope every christian woman who has the least regard for her sex, will make the same resolve. We have worked long enough for man, and at a most unjust and unwarrantable sacrifice of self, yet he gives no evidence of gratitude, but has thus far treated his benefactors with settled scorn, ridicule and contempt. "But," say they, "you do not need an education as we do. We expect to shine in the great world. Our education is our living." What, let me ask, is the real object of all education? Just in proportion as the faculties which God has given us are harmoniously developed, do we attain our highest happiness. And has not woman an equal right with man to happiness here as well as hereafter? Ought she not to have equal facilities with him for making an honest living while on this footstool? E.

THE SCRIPTURE AND THE CHURCH.—The Scripture is the sun: the Church is the clock, whose hand points us to, and whose sound tells us the hours of the day. The sun we know to be sure, and regularly constant in his motion; the clock, as it may fall out may go too fast or too slow. We are wont to look at, and listen to the clock, to know the time of the day; but where we find the variation sensible, to believe the sun against the clock, not the clock against the sun. As then, we should condemn him of much folly that should profess to trust the sun, so we cannot but justly tax the miscredulity of those who will rather trust to the Church than to the Scriptures.—*Bishop Hall.*

WOMEN VOTING AND HOLDING OFFICE.

About getting to the ballot box, we agree with Mrs. Swisshelm, that as the men who assemble at the town meetings, are the husbands, brothers, fathers, sons and neighbors who attend church with us on the Sabbath, there can be no impropriety simply in meeting them at the ballot box, since it is the most respectable box in which man or woman ever lost their rights, or found their wrongs; and has nothing in it to lure women from their duties or men from their courtesy. Whether women shall ever be permitted to vote on any political subject of moral or social interest, must be determined on other ground than the propriety of her mingling with the people convened on such occasions.

As for women—married women being made eligible to hold civil offices;—it is quite another question. But if such a state of things should ever occur, it may safely be predicted that there will be shriller cries in the Senate and House of Representatives than "Mrs. Speaker," and instead of a *mace* the Sergeant-at-Arms will rush in with *pap-spoon* and *cup*; and in the nomination of candidates any thing but "*pledges*," will be required as guaranties to party success.—Mrs. NICHOLS.

We are glad to see some one agree with us, that this most popular objection to woman's enfranchisement is no objection at all. The Democrat rightly says the question must be determined on some other ground than the impropriety of women getting into a crowd. We have gone through a market house and noted the crowd of men and women, old and young, gentle and simple, foolish and wise, refined and vulgar, weak and strong, jostling, elbowing and crowding their way—soft, white arms, with a great basket of beef and butter hanging on them, while the bright eyes appended, peered into countrymen's tubs, buckets and baskets; and the treble voice bartered about the price of eggs and pickles, and the fairy feet, drooping shoulders, and taper waists, were braced firmly to maintain their places amid coolmen and carters, hucksters and teamsters, drunk and sober, civil and rude; and we have thought, O! how much we have thought, about the prim ideas of feminine delicacy that would not suffer a man to let his wife or sister go to a ballot box, lest she should *get into a crowd*. We have watched women making hay, raking and binding grain, reaping, plowing, harrowing, milking cows, churning, hoeing, digging, weeding, planting, wrestling with washtubs and big kettles, driving market carts, carrying loads like hotel porters, whitewashing, scrubbing, scouring—doing all sorts of drudgery, against which, public opinion had not one word to say, and "thinks I to myself, thinks I," if any one should propose that these women should take any part in making or executing the laws that regulate the reward and relations of labor, what a lecture he would get from public opinion, about feminine delicacy, female weakness, domestic duties, and all that sort of thing! Woman should be very delicate, very depending, very helpless, when men want to be loved; but she must grow very strong, very self-reliant, very efficient when he wants to be served. It is especially silly to place the physical labor or exposure of any branch of legislation, as a reason why women may not engage in it. The preventing causes, to be causes at all, must be mental, moral or religious.

The pap spoon barring the road to office, is another matter. A woman who is bringing up a family, has her work at home, and in our opinion should stay at home with it. No matter what her station in life, her business is to nurse her babies, and to attend personally, to their wants. No one can supply the place of a mother's care. A mother's office is the highest and holiest—the nearest and dearest—the most responsible and important on earth. To fit her for that office is the grand reason why she was made a woman, and she who can neglect her infant to seek fame

or pleasure, is no woman, that's all! If our baby's mother should take to writing, as we do, and put baby into a stranger's bosom, we would sell out the Visiter, bring Jeanie home, and feed her with a spoon; and nobody could hire us to go to Congress, not even if we were sure of being Speaker, until she grew to be a woman, and could take care of herself. We would have woman's share of political honors pretty much engrossed by nice old matrons, who have given the best pledge of legislative wisdom that the world ever got—a well reared and well educated family. We just fancy we can see a legislative hall, with its proportion of dear, wise, old mothers, with their trim caps, neatly pinned kerchiefs, and spectacles, on nose, deliberating with the fathers, about the best mode of promoting the virtue and happiness of the Commonwealth, that must ever be composed of both sexes. We have very great need of their superior wisdom and experience in governing States and nations. Very few men ever learn how to govern themselves, much less other people. Very few of them are ever placed in circumstances where the faculty of governing is so constantly exercised as it is in her who has ruled a family. True, it is not many women who do this, for the majority of mothers are mere servants to their children; but where one has shown herself capable of ruling well her own house, she is much better fitted for legislative duties than most men who assume them.

There are plenty of women to represent our sex in making and executing the laws, without taking one with a baby in her arms. But if there was not, might not baby as well be left at home while mamma attended to her political business, as while she goes to a ball, concert, theatre, lecture, or even to church. Fashionable ladies now can go to the "springs," go travelling, go visiting, go any where, and for any length of time, and leave baby to the care of its nurse. Would it be any more neglected if she were in Congress? If we are not misinformed, hundreds of ladies do now crowd the galleries of our halls of legislation—have none of them babies? or would baby cry more and louder if mamma were "on the floor," instead of leaning on the balustrades, dispensing smiles to the members below?

Woman's social position is a knotty question. Queen Catharine planted the seed of contention in Russia when she "introduced mixed assemblies," there. Who lives to see it, the women of Russia will one day claim equality with their lords. When women are once let out of seraglio's, acknowledged to have souls, and suffered to go out without veils, it is hard telling where they will go to. There is not the least likelihood they will stop where they now are—half way between Slavery and freedom—swinging on a pivot between the Ottoman Empire and the land of Jupiter—a divinity to-day and a drudge to-morrow—sometimes to be worshipped, and anon worn out with unrequited toil. In the present state woman must bear her full share of the burdens of humanity, and keep up a character for divinity, held down by the legal disabilities attached to irrationality, and it is quite time her true position in the universe was ascertained. If she is not fit to take an active part in making laws, she is not fit so to keep or break them. As she is represented in the one case, so should she be in the other. If man represents her in making laws, he should represent her in paying the penalty when she breaks them. If no woman should hold an office for fear a baby cries, for the same reason none should ever be sent to prison, or sent out to labor for a living. Even so. Amen!

Mrs. SWISSELM.

The Night Police of New York, picked up an evening or two since, six poor women, who, with their children, were found asleep in an alley way, and who had no residence, but passed their nights wherever they could find shelter. They were in a starving condition, and without means of support.

Written for the HENRY NEIL, AND HIS MOTHER. CONVERSATION, No. 7.

Mother.—"Come Henry, I am ready to sit down now and have another talk about the Schools. Has any new objection suggested itself to your mind, since our last conversation?"

Henry.—"I heard Judge N.—say the other day, that he thought it very unjust, for one man say worth \$5000, with no children, to be taxed to educate the children of another man worth double that sum."

Mother.—"The great difficulty in this question, the one on which all the objections hang, results from the agency of selfishness. We are so mortally afraid of doing a kindness for a neighbor,—we really seem to think there is such a thing as a personal interest, an individual good, independent of all beside. When the fact is, that God has bound together the whole human family by indissoluble bonds. The good of the one is the good of all, the misery of one, is the misery of all. Twist and turn as you may, there is no escape from this unity."

Henry.—"But do you think the childless man ought to share equally in the school tax, with the fortunate father of a round beggar's dozen?"

Mother.—"It strikes me that the man who has no little feet to shoe, or heads to cover, no cradles or cribs, hobby horses or dolls to buy, might much better pay a school tax, than the man that has all these things to do. Beside this, the childless man has got to be taken care of when sick, and buried when dead, by somebody's children, and he might as well pay for these favors before hand, by giving them a little schooling. Again, this childless man ought to pay something for the great domestic quiet and comfort he is permitted to enjoy. He can eat and sleep in peace, sit down in his house and read and write, just when and where he pleases, with none to molest him or make him afraid, and enjoy the perpetual sunshine of his wife's countenance, as she is never jaded or harassed with the cares and importunities of cross unreasonable youngsters. Oh! you childless man!—could you but be placed in the shoes of some modern John Rogers, for one short year,—hear the din of twenty-four knives and forks at every meal,—be pried with questions as to the names of the different members of the vegetable family—the natural history of the dish of meat before you,—as to the sin of killing cows and sheep, wringing the necks of innocent chickens, and inveigling unwary fish from their native element. Could you see your domicile daily pelted with stones,—your asparagus tops pulled off for whips, and the adorning of newspaper caps,—a whole menagerie of wild animals traced in chalk upon your walls, meeting your eye at every turn,—could you but go through a campaign of whooping cough, measles, mumps, chicken-pox and scarlet fever, with their anxious days, and sleepless nights, depend upon it, you would cry out in the agony of your soul, oh! cruel fate, double my school tax, but deliver me from the tender mercies of these undeveloped vandals. Give me back my quiet home, and take the half I am worth to make schools all free. I now see how heavily nature has taxed my brother. I shall say no more of unequal taxation, so long, as God willing, "wife and I continue to live alone."

Henry.—"Well it does seem but fair, that the man who supplies no soldiers for our defence, no mariners to plough the mighty deep, to carry on commerce with distant lands, no hands to till the soil, or dig out wealth from the bowels of the earth, might at least be willing to supply a few knapsacks, shovels or pick-axes,—or a Webster's Spelling Book, Dictionary, and some skilful Professor, to pilot our young Americans safely through the difficulties and obscurities of their mother tongue. E. C. S.

THE WORLD is more apt to reward appearances than deserts.

THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

AUGUST, 1850.

THE GREAT GATHERING AT OSWEGO.

We learn from our exchanges, that there was a large gathering of the Sons, Daughters, and Cadets of Temperance at Oswego, on the 11th ult. A good feeling prevailed among them, and the interchange of sentiments of "Love, Purity, and Fidelity," "Virtue, Love, and Temperance," is compared to a "Methodist love-feast."

We are ever glad to hear of the holding of good Temperance meetings, and of the assembling together of the hosts which compose the great Temperance army, in our State; but we could not but feel after reading an account of that great meeting that there was more of show than of use in it all—that it was but as "sounding brass, and tinkling cymbal."

No doubt the greater part of the men who composed it, are, in their own practice so far as relates to drinking, good Temperance men.—But we have grown to distrust these high sounding men, and measures. We presume not one in twenty of all who were there calling themselves *Sons of TEMPERANCE*, are acting worthy so great and good a mother.

Not one in twenty but will, as soon as they return to their homes, fold their hands with perfect indifference as to the fate of the poor perishing drunkard, and his suffering family, while they will cordially grasp the extended guilty, blood-stained hand of the rum-seller.

This may be thought severe—*unjust*, but we judge from personal observation of those around us. We see those calling themselves sons of temperance, proving recreant to all their solemn vows of eternal hostility, and unceasing warfare, against the great destroyer.—We see them indifferent & inactive, while human fiends are openly, and in defiance of law, luring our youth to destruction, and plunging tottering age into the fearful abyss.—We see and hear of wives and mothers being deprived of the necessities of life, subjected to the merciless cruelty of drunken brutish men, and compelled to yield up to them, their own hard earnings, that they may satiate their sordid appetites, and enrich the heartless rum-seller. Yea, we have seen *respectable Sons of Temperance*, lounging around the doors of low groggeries, and making purchases at them, where perhaps at the next door, was a good temperance grocery. We have seen these same men shake the hand of those from whose leprous touch we should shrink, as warmly as they would that of their dearest friend.

We have heard much talk, and many loud professions, yet notwithstanding it all, there is nothing done—no action taken, to carry out the great principles which they profess to love and cherish. We have not a single license in our town, and yet our rum-sellers openly parade their liquors before the public eye, and unblushingly prosecute their unlawful, deadly work, in defiance of law, and public opinion. No voice is raised against it, no action taken to suppress it, by those who should be ever watchful at their posts, and ready to drive back the foe upon every encroachment.

Wonder not, friends, in view of all this, if we sometimes grow weary and heart-sick, and our pen refuses to trace upon the Lily's leaves, as much on this subject as you desire at our hand.—Wonder not if we turn our hopes from *men*, and look with longing to some future day when *woman* may have power granted her to act in such a way, that her influence may be felt, and her voice heard and heeded.

From the Yazoo Whig, by Mrs. PREWETT.

MARSHAL'S SALE.

DICK & HILL, vs. pls. fi fa. ELIZABETH BRICKELL. } Circuit Court of the U. S. Southern District of Mississippi.

TO NOVEMBER TERM, 1850.

BY virtue of the above stated *plurim fi fa.* to me directed from the honorable Circuit Court of the United States, for the Southern District of Mississippi, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for Cash, on

Monday the 1st day of July, 1850.

before the Court House door, in the town of Benton, Yazoo County, Mississippi, within the hours prescribed by law, all the right, title, and interest that the said Elizabeth Brickell, has in and to the following negroes: viz. Nancy, Agnes and her three children, Alfred, Jacob and Florence, Sally, Della, Satira, Napoleon, Grace and her two children, Richmond and Harriet, Clarissa and her child George, Sancho, Zulima and her child Roxana, Harry, Cecale, Clarence, Rolla, Elsy and her two children Alice and Rosetta, George, Darcas, and her two children Georgianna and Issaquena, Toney, Fanny and child Thomas, levied on as the property of defendant, and will be sold to satisfy the above stated case and all costs.

FIELDING DAVIS, Marshall Southern District Miss.

By RICHARD FLETCHER, Deputy Marshal. June 18th, 1850.

We regret for the honor of the South generally, to see one of its gifted daughters by constant familiarity with the horrors and abominations of the slave system, so demoralized, and lost to all sense of right and justice, as to consent to advertise in the columns of her paper, the sale of beings formed in the image of her Creator.

Do not, we pray you, Mrs. P., so disgrace your sex, so outrage all feeling, and refinement in woman's nature, as to lend your pen for the perpetration of such a wholesale system of crime, misery, and licentiousness, as is American slavery. And we advise you to keep one straight story. Do not tell us on one page of your paper, of twenty women to be sold in front of the Court House door, in your own County, and on another, that southern women have all the rights and privileges they desire.

We hope you attended the above sale, and advised the Yazoo barbarian masters, to send those Southern mothers with their children that they might enjoy the privilege of "taking them to meeting, and teaching them to say their prayers."

If your influence on your Southern "*lords*," is so all-powerful, we beg you to put an end to these atrocious sales; and depend upon it, your request the Salem Convention would turn itself into one great anti-slavery sewing circle, to make up garments for the little Yazoo's, instead of expending their benevolence, as you suggest, in the West India Islands, where, under the protection of the British flag, mothers are allowed to

take care of their own children, without fear of the slave-catcher, or auction block. The condition of the Yazoo's, judging from your columns, is sufficiently deplorable to demand all your wisdom and counsel in their behalf. In our opinion, your first duty lies with them, and not with northern women or their conventions.

By the way, we have guessed out the secret of your dislike to Mrs. Pierson, and her Ohio letter. At her gathering of female Editors last winter, you were left out. Some people always take offence when they do not get an invite to a party.

Mrs C. F. W. of New York; your letter was duly received, and read with great pleasure. It is very gratifying to us to receive such expressions of regard from a stranger. Have no fears of writing us *too long* letters, for yours will ever be welcome. We are glad to know that you are not deterred from doing your duty, in whatever way that duty lies, by a fear of "unsexing" yourself. We honor you the more for your independence. Woman has too long suffered from the restraints of a false delicacy, and the fear of stepping out of the sphere prescribed by custom and the laws of men.

It is high time she should rise superior to a corrupt public sentiment, and prove to the world that she possesses higher and more ennobling faculties than are requisite for a mere drudge, or doll to grace the parlor. It is time, too, that she claims the right of exercising those faculties in whatever way her own good sense may dictate.

Be assured should we ever visit New York again, we will accept your invitation. We do not promise, however, that we will visit your office *incog.* and have our head examined first, for we should fear lest we might thereby lessen your good opinion of us. There are but two prominent "bumps" in our head, we believe; one, *very large*, denoting hatred of the liquor traffic, and its agents, the other, a disposition to do a good deal as we please. We know not the Phrenological names of them; will you inform us?

THE FREE SCHOOL CONVENTION at Syracuse, on the 10th and 11th of July, was, we are happy to learn, very well attended, and efficient measures were taken to bring out a full vote of the friends of Free Schools next fall. An excellent address, written by Horace Greeley, was adopted, which we should be glad to publish did our limits permit. Let none fail to read it.

The Constitution of the new State of New Mexico, just adopted, provides for the establishment of Free Schools in that embryo State. It would be a burning shame were the great State of New York; the oldest and most wealthy in the Union, to reject a principle which her youngest sister has so nobly proclaimed. Friends of Free Schools! do your whole duty, and you will not fail to succeed.

LETTICE ARNOLD.—We are obliged to the publishers for a copy of this highly entertaining story, by the author of Two Old Men's Tales, &c.

"Grace Greenwood" is declined.

WHY IS NOT THE LAW ENFORCED?

At the time of obtaining our new Village charter last Spring, we heard one of its provisions lauded very highly—that of giving power into the hands of the Trustees, to enforce the laws in regard to the liquor traffic. As is well known, we have no licences for the sale of intoxicating drinks in our Village, and yet at no time for many years have they been more openly sold, than at present. Why, then, we ask, is not the law against such sale enforced? Why do our Trustees shrink from exercising the power entrusted to their hands? "They will not act unless a petition praying them to do so, is presented them, signed by our citizens generally." Now, if they know their duty, we can see no reason why people, who have placed them in office, with the expectation that they will discharge the duties of that office, should beg of them that they will act according to its requirements. But after the above reason was given by the Trustees, a meeting was called, and a Committee appointed to circulate such petition among our citizens; also a resolution passed, asking the ladies to get up one to the same effect among themselves. Whether any effort was made by any of our sex, we know not. We were several times solicited to go about with a petition; but declined, partly on account of other engagements, and partly because we felt it to be entirely useless for women to say any thing on the subject. We have had our petitions slighted and ridiculed too often, for us to have much to do with another. When woman is allowed to speak on this question in a way that will tell, we will be at our post, and call others to theirs; but this doing so much for talk and show, we are sick of. Others can do as they please, but as for ourself, we will not lead or advise any such movement. The Committee of men, however, went about their duty with determination and alacrity; but what was the result? We heard a report from several of them who were discouraged from the outset, and almost induced to give up the effort. Many to whom they had looked for support, who make loud professions, and claim to be good Temperance men—men of wealth and influence whose circumstances should place them beyond the fear or favor of so low a class, as are our rum-sellers, declined signing the petition, "*lest it should injure them in some way*!" These men are ever a drawback to the Temperance cause. They have it in their power, had they manliness and independence enough to exercise it, to drive this traffic from our town and close up the vile dens which yawn to devour their children. But their cringing, avaricious desire for gain, blinds them to their interests, and rather than lose the favor of so mean a man as a rum-seller, they will suffer him to corrupt the morals of our youth, and sap away their very life-blood. It is well, that all are not so mean spirited. It is well that the temperance cause depends not alone on such men for its success.

What has been the fate of the petition we have not learned: we believe it was numerously signed, but whether it has been presented, or whether it will meet with a favorable hearing, we cannot say. We fear, if our trustees, knowing their duty, and knowing what public sentiment is on this subject, cannot discharge that duty now,

they will not be induced to do so by the petitions. At any rate we think they should do what they know to be right and incumbent upon them, without such petitioning. We deem the asking for it, a pretence to shrink from duty.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Eld. Jesse Briggs, of Seneca Falls, a gentleman well recommended, will address the Temperance meeting at Temperance Hall, in this city, next Sunday evening. [Utica Teetotaler.]

Hold, brother! we have no Eld. Jesse Briggs or any other Jesse Briggs, in Seneca Falls, to our knowledge, and however well this one may come recommended, he is either an imposter or hails from some other Falls than Seneca. We think the mistake may be in naming the place, but our citizens have too recently been taken in by a Rev. imposter, for us to be silent and see others served in the same way.

☞ We are indebted to Fowlers & Wells, publishers, for copies of the Water Cure Journal, The Student, and the Phrenological Journal, for July. We value these publications highly.

In these enlightened days, when people are growing wise enough to "cast physic to the dogs," and substitute cold water for the cleansing of both the inner, and outer man, no family should be without the Water Cure Journal. We venture the assertion that any one who reads it, and follows its teachings will be better off, both in health and purse, at the year's end, than they will by following the advice and taking the prescriptions, of the best blistering, bleeding, calomel, pill doctor in the land. Ye lovers of cold water, do not fail to read the Journal.

The Student, is "devoted to the moral, intellectual and physical improvement of youth, embracing the natural sciences, biography, history, phonography, drawing and music," and is one of the best things of the kind before the public. Parents who wish to furnish useful and interesting reading matter for their children can find nothing better.

The Phrenological Journal, has been too long before the public, and is held in too high estimation to need praise from us. The number before us, contains much useful and entertaining matter. We are particularly pleased with an article on "copious breathing, and means of promoting it."

Fowlers & Wells, Clinton Hall, 129, & 131, Nassau Street, New-York:—Terms, \$1.00 a year in advance, or five copies for \$4.00.

THE FREE SCHOOL CLARION will be published weekly at Syracuse, from July till November, for twenty-five cents a copy, or five copies for one dollar. Its columns are open for discussion of the Free School question on both sides. Friends of Free Schools will greatly promote their cause by getting up clubs and sending on the dollars.

☞ We do not wish to receive subscriptions for a year in advance for the Lily, from the present time. We give this notice so that no one may send us a full year's subscription, and be disappointed if they get the papers for but half that time. The Lily is not a permanently established paper, and will be published only so long as it suits our pleasure and convenience. For this reason we have made no promises, nor sought

subscriptions for more than one year from the commencement of this volume. Whether we will hold out longer than the present year, is quite uncertain; therefore we wish not to be made responsible for a longer period. New subscribers to whom we have sent back numbers, will by this see our reason for so doing.

We will furnish the Lily to new subscribers, commencing with the July No., for twenty-five cents for the remainder of the year, and send back numbers as long as we have them.

DEATH OF GEN. TAYLOR.

Since our last issue, the nation has been called to mourn the loss of a great and good man. We were ever an admirer of the honest old hero, and our grief at his sudden departure, is deep and unfeigned. Fain would we have bid him stay, but we humbly bow to the decree of the Almighty. "He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle," and now rests from the strifes and turmoils of life. May we all apply to ourselves the solemn lesson taught us in this sudden bereavement, that *we too must die*; and may we be enabled when the summons shall come, to say like him, "I am prepared, I have endeavored to do my duty."

☞ We agree with the writer on "Education," that it would be well for women to first educate themselves, before they devote their energies to the education of young men, who, if they have any energy, can take care of themselves. We should be glad to see women interested in the elevation of the ignorant and degraded of their own sex, but we have no sympathy with sewing circles, fairs, or lady beggars, who have for their sole object the education of men. It is to be supposed, however, that when a man is so educated for the ministry, he will enter our pulpits and preach repentance to a sinning world; yet we have known several instances of the kind, where men who were indebted to the labors of women for an education, have repaid the toil of their benefactors by choosing some other profession.

☞ Notwithstanding the favorite saying of men, that "women will have their own way," we find it impossible to have our way about the paper on which the Lily is printed. That of last month was of an inferior quality, and we then told our printers that we positively would not put up with the like again. Yet in spite of us, they have given us the same quality this month. They pretend they can get no better, but we do not believe a word of it. However, as neither scolding or crying avails us any thing, we are obliged to yield the point, and take such as they see fit to give us.

☞ The article on our fourth page, by Mrs. Swisshelm, we cut from her paper some months ago. A conversation which we held with a gentleman a few days since on the same subject, recalled it to our mind, and we now publish it for the especial benefit of all those who make the impropriety of getting into a crowd, and the charge of a family, such a "bug bear" in the way of allowing woman a voice in making the laws by which she is governed.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE for August is received, of which it is enough to say, that it is in no way inferior to its predecessors.

HORRORS OF THE SLAVE TRADE WASHINGTON CITY.—FIENDISH ASSAULT UPON A WOMAN.

The Washington correspondent of the True American, gives the following description of a scene in the capital of the Republic. How Webster's "RETAINERS" must rejoice in anticipation of their future work as slave-catchers, should Mason's bill pass. The letter is dated May 22d.

"A short distance from my residence, lived a very honest and industrious colored woman, with some half dozen children. This woman was employed as a cook by a family near the capitol. By her industry and good deportment, she had gained the esteem of all who knew her, and, though a slave, she was permitted to apply a portion of her wages to the support of her family, and was making efforts to purchase her freedom.

As I was passing down the Avenue yesterday, I saw, near the railroad depot, a crowd of people gathered around two ruffian fellows who had this colored woman in their custody, bound hand and foot. She could not stand upon her feet, her hands were tied behind her, and she was moaning as though in great anguish, and, in broken sobs, beseeching the bystanders to protect her. Blood was running profusely from a frightful wound in her head, and with ruthless hands she was rudely thrust into a hack, and under the guardianship of her miscreant captors, was hurried off to Williams' slave pen.

Upon inquiry, I learned that while engaged in her usual avocations, a constable laid hands upon her, and ordered her to follow him to the slave pen. Had a thunder-bolt crushed her to the earth, she could not have been more shocked than at this summons.

She reluctantly obeyed. Her steps, however, were not sufficiently rapid to suit the convenience of the fellow who attended her, and laying hold of her with considerable violence, he attempted to force her on faster. But he was balked in his intentions, for she refused to go at all, unless he kept his hands from her.

"By God!" says the constable. "I'll see if you won't go," and with that he attempted to carry his threat into execution. But he had no sooner commenced his desperate work, than he found himself sprawling upon his back, and the woman standing over him in a menacing attitude, and resolutely informing him that she would not be "dragged over to the pen" by him—she would "die first." She would "go peaceably if he would keep his hands off her, and not otherwise."

The fellow was allowed to get up, when he again undertook the driving process, but he could not move her, and called lustily upon the numerous spectators that had gathered round for help. But not a man moved, although he threatened and swore, as an officer, to arrest them. A brother constable, however, soon came to the scene of action, and to his rescue. But she was too much for the two together, and handled them both, as though they were mere infants in her grasp.

Having worried them both out, (declaring all the while, however, that she would go peaceably if they would keep their hands off,) one of the miscreants raised a heavy cane, and with a furious and well-directed blow, felled her senseless to the earth, and while in that state they bound her, and, in her torn and bloody garments, followed by the execrations and curses of the multitude, hurried her off to the head-quarters of these land pirates, there to die, or to await her shipment to the Southern market.

Her little children, the while, were at home. They knew nought of the capture and treatment of their mother. You can imagine their sorrow when left under such circumstances, without a protector. They are free, but their mother is a slave, in the hands of men who have no fear of God before their eyes, "whom no pity can awe," no benevolence conciliate, no tears, no orphan cries, no broken hearts, no dishonored name, no fears of death, the judgment, and a long eternity of woe can arrest."

Read this, you who pride yourselves on "the enviable condition of woman, under the star spangled banner." Only think of it! A noble, virtuous woman, thus cruelly outraged in broad day light, in the capital of this proud Republic, could claim no protection from the chivalry of American men, nor from the justice of American law givers. Is it presumptuous to suppose that American women, after experimenting seventy-five years, might substitute a more wise and merciful government, for their own sex, at least, than we now endure? one that might protect the poor against the rich, the weak against the strong.

For the Lily.

PARENTAGE.

Much of the unhappiness, misery and crime, which exist in society are entailed by progenitors, either through their ignorance of the fact that their thoughts, feelings, emotions and habits, impart to their offspring certain conditions of organization; or by a misdirection of the moral and intellectual nature of their children, and insufficient control of the propensities. Were parents fully impressed with the vast importance of adhering to, and directing their course with reference to these great facts, how happy a change, in a few generations, would result.

If this one physiological truth were fully understood by prospective mothers, that by the exercise of elevated moral principle, by correct subjugation of the propensities, active and proper exercise of intellect, and a normal action of the domestic organs, a race might be produced, far superior to the present; their love of offspring and desire for their superiority, would prompt to intellectuality, morality and purity. Would mothers thus believe, and direct their conduct with reference to the accomplishment of these high and noble objects, they would themselves become improved and the future direction of their children would be an easy task.

The history of all the great and good, as well as the debased, proves the truth of what is here written. A few examples may be selected in confirmation. The mother of the poet Dante, who was under the influence of the higher sentiments, and free from base passion is a striking illustration of our theory, when we consider the lofty character of Dante. As should be the case with every mother, "she had in view the greatness of her child previous to his birth." The parents of the eminently pious Tasso, were endowed in a superior degree with moral and religious worth. The parents of Thomas H. Safford, the boy whose mental, and particularly mathematical abilities are so widely known, were intensely devoted, previous to his birth, to those studies for which he exhibits such fondness.—The mother of Edgar A. Poe, who was an actress, and possessed in a marked degree, those faculties which peculiarly fitted her for that profession, endowed her son not only with these organs very large, but with vividness and peculiarities of manifestation almost unsurpassed.

We might mention many examples showing how strictly in accordance with this law children have inherited perverted and ruling propensities of their parents. One or two examples must do. The poet Boccaccio, whose parents gave themselves to lust, was notorious for the dissoluteness of his character. The mother of Napoleon followed the camp until a short time previous to his birth. Hence his love of war, which was not counteracted by many ennobling qualities.

It would be well for posterity and for society at large, did parents, especially mothers, study their own natures, and the influence of circumstances upon posterity. They would then, far more than now, be prompted to become in reality what they desire their children to be.

L. A. JENKINS.

For the Lily.

Mrs. BLOOMER.

When I have looked at the bright side of the Temperance movement, I have thought that those engaged in it, were accomplishing great good, and that the standard of Total Abstinence, was more firmly supported than I fear it is, when I avail myself of the other view. The gatherings on the Fourth of July, in many Villages and Cities, are but dedications to Bacchus, and the god of war; a god which cannot be worshipped without the "spirit," of Bacchus.

It speaks but little in favor of the progress of Temperance, when we see individuals, neighborhoods, and villages, that a few years since, were thorough temperance reformers, and refused the most indirect support to drinking establishments, and all "doings," which countenanced the use of liquors, now aiding to secure ill-gotten profit to these, that their localities may have the name of celebrating the Fourth.

I blush with shame for my sex, when I learn that they countenance, yea, themselves indulge in such habits. These too, who know that in many instances, wine is first tasted, and a love for it formed at such places. Yet they will drink wine toasts, instead of sparkling life-giving, pure cold water. With such as these the greatest difficulty is they have not the moral courage to say, "no." Did I possess no other power for helping to break down any moral evil, than by saying "no," I would rather shout that one word against them all, than yield the least support.

Some join in such proceedings from necessity! that is, they are so situated that unless they associate with such company, they must be alone. Alone! What! alone in the right? God and truth are ever on the side of right; save these, I would rather have the satisfactory assurance that I was alone in the right, than with the whole world upon the side of wrong.

If young ladies, in particular, would take a high moral stand in this question, and refuse to form committees and processions, or take any part in such proceedings, unless formed upon the principle of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, their influence for good would be greater than they can imagine.

But even should it have no effect upon others, the consciousness of having done their duty, and set a good example, will be a sufficient recompense and satisfaction. Better spend the day with some good book, or in amusements with little children, than to countenance even by their presence, these rum-drinking desecrations of the birth-day of our country's freedom.

Of the men I will say nothing; it is they who have formed the temperance laws under which we live, therefore it would be ungrateful, to say any thing against their moral right to support licensed public houses, by partaking of sumptuous dinners, the profits of which go to place these establishments, on a more sure basis. Nor will I say any thing of their right on Independence day to drink toasts to intoxication, as this day comes but once a year. Fortunate it is for women that society does not tolerate such practices in them. Yours, in the cause of reform.

L. A. JENKINS.

WATERLOO, July 15th, 1850.

A CHALLENGE.

We challenge the production of a single case in Massachusetts, New England, or the whole of the Union, of a person convicted of a capital crime, who had been for one or more years previous to its commission, teetotally free from the use of intoxicating drinks! Let the young and the old—parents and children—guardians and wards—masters and servants—and all electors and legislators of the land, pause and ponder, and consistently act, upon the suggestion of such a silent and admonitory fact! Cold water will not float a man to the gallows, or to the State's prison!—Worcester Cataract.

Dare any of you, readers, accept that challenge? If so, send in your names.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

'TIS BUT A DROP.

"'Tis but a drop," the father said,
And gave it to his son;
But little did he think a work
Of death was then begun.

The drop that lured him when the babe
Scarce lisped the father's name,
Planted a fatal appetite
Deep in his infant frame.

"'Tis but a drop," the comrade cried,
In truant school boy tone,
"It did not hurt us in our robes—
It will not now we're grown."

And so they drank the mixture up,
The reeling, youthful band;
For each had learned to love the taste
From his own father's hand.

"'Tis but a drop—I need it now,"
The staggering drunkard said;
"It was my food in infancy—
My meat and drink, and bread."

A drop—a drop—O, let me have,
"Twill so refresh my soul!"
He took it—trembled—drank, and died,
Grasping the fatal bowl.

TELL THE TRUTH.

From the Sunday School Advocate.

Phillip. O, George, we have broken that beautiful shrub that father thinks so much of! I was afraid this would be the case when the ball bounded over the fence.

George. Yes, I have been looking at it. How displeased he will be with us.

P. Especially, as he told us never to play ball so near the shrubbery.

G. I did not think the ball would go over that high fence.

P. But father said it might. O, I am so sorry.

G. Philip, father need not know that we did it.

P. How can we help it?

G. Why, we can say that we have not touched it, and that we did not see any one break it.

P. O, George, that would be trying to deceive, which is the same as a lie.

G. How is it trying to deceive?

P. It is trying to make father think that we did not break the shrub, when we did.

G. But we need not say that. It is not likely that he will ask us many questions about it. He may think that somebody threw a stone over the fence as he was passing along.

P. I could not bear to have father think that somebody else broke it, when I have done it; besides, the Bible says we must think the truth in our hearts. I am sure that if I let father be deceived I should not do that.

G. O, Philip, you are too particular; nobody is so nice about such things as you are.

P. That would be no excuse for us, if it were so; but I know it is not. Father is just as particular. He would not try to deceive people that way, and you have often heard him say that lying is trying to deceive; and mother is always making us get texts from the Bible which tell us how the Lord hates lying, and what will become of liars.

G. I know that, but father will feel so bad when he knows that we have broken his tree.

P. Yes, but he would feel a great deal worse if he knew we would try to deceive him. Besides, he loves so well to have us speak the truth, that I do not know but he may forgive us if we go to him and tell him what we have done at once.

G. Well, we will see. But you must go first. Philip, and I will follow you.

Philip goes out, and George follows. In a short time they return.

P. There! ain't you glad we told father all about it? O how thankful I felt that we had confessed the whole, when he said he would forgive anything but a lie.

G. Yes, and when he said, too, that people who did not always tell the truth, lost a great deal even in this world.

P. And when he repeated that awful text, "All liars shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone."

"I CAN'T."

How often, very often, do we hear that disagreeable little expression used, especially by young girls, and very often after they consider themselves young ladies. Some duty is required, a lesson, for example, which requires a little application in mastering it, but it is so difficult I can't learn it,—or there is a piece of needle-work on hand, which, with a little patience, would soon be neatly finished, but it's so tedious. So the lesson is unlearned, the work unfinished, and a thousand other things neglected for the want of that energy, that spirit, which will enable a young lady to say, I can and I will do whatever my hands find to do, and I'll do it with all my might.

I have often seen the face of a parent overshadowed by sadness and gloom, from this want of self-denial in the child, this selfishness I should call it, for selfishness, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is the prompter of I can't. A mother, wearied with the care and trouble of a household, desires a daughter to attend to some slight concern, but "I can't, mother, now, for this last new novel of Mrs. Somebody's, is so very entertaining, that it would be cruel to break off in the midst of this most thrilling scene." A father comes in after a day of close attention to his business; and is the comfortable chair wheeled to the corner? Are the slippers and gown brought? Are any of those numberless attentions paid which so gladden a father's heart, which render the "single side," to him the most attractive spot on earth? Oh no! "The last new Polka I must learn, and I can't attend to him now." And there is a Father in Heaven; is the homage of the heart given to him in the days of early youth? Often I fear 'tis said, "I can't attend to such serious concerns while I am yet so young." "I'll enjoy the pleasures of this world while I can, and wait for a more convenient season." And will that season ever come? The Bible gives us no promise that the future will be ours to repent in. It says: Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. Substitute then, my young friends, I can for I can't, and each victory will make the task easier. You will not, in future life, regret the knowledge you acquired from your books, although it was difficult to obtain, nor will you regret that you performed your task, whatever it might be, with cheerfulness. You will not when standing by the bedside of dying parents, regret that you ministered to their comfort and happiness in this world; nor will you regret when dying yourself, that you remembered your Creator in the days of your youth.—*Miscellany.*

TEMPERANCE FABLE.

The rats once assembled in a large cellar, to devise some method of safety in getting the bait from a small trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relations snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said, "It is my opinion, that, if with one paw we can safely keep down the spring, we can take the food from the trap with the other.

All the rats present, loudly squealed assent,

and slapped their tails in applause. The meeting adjourned and the rats retired to their homes, but the devastations of the trap being by no means diminished, the rats were forced to call another convention. The elders just assembled, commenced their deliberations, when all was started by a faint voice, and a poor rat, with only three legs, limping into the ring stood up to speak. All were instantly silent, when stretching out the bleeding remains of his leg, he said: "My friends, I have tried the method you proposed, and you see the result! Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap,—do not touch it.

A BOSTON BOY.

A little boy was observed by a constable, gathering grass on the Boston Common, and was told by the officer, that he must not take the grass.

"O, but I must have it for my rabbits,"

"But you must not take it," said the officer.

"I must take it," the boy replied.

"Well," said the constable, "if you must have it, you must go and ask the mayor."

"Where is the mayor?" asked the boy.

He was directed to the city hall, and told that he would find him there; so off he trudged to the city hall, and by dint of inquiry found the mayor, and was introduced to him. The mayor inquired, "Well, my son, what do you want of me?"

"I want some grass for my rabbits, sir."

"How many rabbits have you?"

"Two, sir."

"But how do you expect to get grass of me?"

"Why," said the boy, "I was getting grass on the common, and they told me I must not have it, unless I would ask leave of you sir."

"Go," said the mayor, "and tell the officer to let you have as much grass as you want."

We predict that boy, if he lives, will make a man.—*Boston Traveller.*

NEW YORK IN THE FIELD.—The annual meeting of the New York State Temperance Society has just been holden at Syracuse. The prohibitory law reported by the committee of the Legislature was defeated by that body. The State Society and the friends of temperance take issue upon this point, and now enter the field demanding that liquor sellers be regarded as criminals and punished as such. The committee have advertised for several competent lecturers, being desirous of having every part of the State fully canvassed, before the next election.—*Fountain.*

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AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.
Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Temperance House, AT SENECA FALLS.

THE undersigned has opened Woodworth's Hotel (formerly the Seneca House) as a Temperance House, for the accommodation of the public. The alterations and repairs which the premises have recently undergone conduce to render it an agreeable stopping-place for the wayfarer, and no effort will be spared to give satisfaction to those who are reasonable in their desires.

A good hostler will always be in attendance.
ISAAC FULLER.

Jan. 1, 1850.